

The Comickall Historie of

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the Rings a way to men;
But weel out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
A way, make haste, thou knowest where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Enter Lorenzo and Iessica. (Exeunt.)

Lor. The Moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troilus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himsele,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and wait her Love
To come againe to *Carthage*.

Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an unthrift Love did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.

Iessi. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little throw)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harken, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A

the Merchant of Venice.

Messen. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Mess. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be here at *Belmont*; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prayes
For happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet returned?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him;
But go we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistres of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clown. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clown. Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, and *M. Lorenzo*, sola, sola.

Loren. Leave hollowing man, heere.

Clown. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere.

Clown. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his
horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning
sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
Within the house, your Mistres is at hand,
And bring your musique forth into the ayre.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this banke,
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
Creape in our eares soft stilnesse, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmony:
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an Angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal soules,

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But